

WASHINGTON CRITIC



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THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,

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PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The Cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m.

Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 11 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 to 12:30 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 1 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

VISITORS TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Reception of all persons not connected with the Departments, at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet days, and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the Diplomatic Corps are exclusively received.

Persons will not be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock each day, unless by card, which will be sent by the captain of the watch to the chief clerk or to the head of the bureau for which the visit is intended.

This rule will not apply to Senators, Representatives or heads of Executive Departments.

The Secretary of the Treasury receives Senators and Representatives from 10 to 11:30 a. m., and other persons from 11:30 until 1 p. m., except Tuesdays and Fridays, cabinet days.

Personal calls upon the Secretary of the Interior must be made between 10 a. m. and 12 o'clock noon.

THE BOY AND THE POLICEMAN.

This is the season when the boy and the policeman come in conflict wherever there is water in urban pond or river.

This is the season when the youth feels that personal cleanliness demands that he should be in the water about two-thirds of the time and when he laughs to scorn the city ordinance demanding that bathers be partly clad.

He seeks the wharves, he gets behind lumber piles or anything else that will for a moment shield him from the watchful eyes of the policeman.

The policeman, however, is not so easily deceived. He knows the boy's hiding place, and he knows the boy's habits.

He never saw a policeman go in swimming after a boy yet and he improves the opportunity to jeer at his natural enemy. He is sarcastic. He forgets that he has left his clothes ashore.

The policeman reasons that somewhere in some secluded spot may be found the clothing appertaining to the boy in the water. If he can find the garments ultimate capture and vengeance are his; if he cannot find them a slightly criminal must go unwhipped of justice. He searches for them.

Do we want the policeman to find the garments? Ordinances should be observed; on the other hand we were all boys once and this is warm weather and the water is cool. Do we want the policeman to find the garments?

NOT AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

The fact that the German carp, lately confined in the ponds on the Monument grounds, are now somewhere in the Potomac may be unpleasant for home fishermen, but will not cause grief among fishermen elsewhere. Those particular carp, at least, cannot be distributed throughout the country. Some other carp may wallow about in Northern and Southern and Western ponds and lakes and take the place of better fish, but these must stay where they are. The various fish and game associations of the United States are more or less thankful.

It is held by some that the fish would not have sought to escape had they not heard of the nature of the Samson agreement. They were previously under the impression that Germany owned this country.

LET IT BE OPEN.

The proposed new rule of the Civil Service Commission making public the standing of all who are examined for the Government service has not yet gone into operation, but cannot do so soon. The whole essence of civil service reform is that there shall be no nonsense about it, that nothing shall be concealed. The bare fact that something has been kept secret is a reflection on the new and peculiar bureau.

If a vacant clerkship or similar place under the Government is to be filled by the Graduated school pupil who can most ponderously define a horse let us by all means see to it that this style of pupil is not cheated out of his—or her—

rights. Let examinations be followed promptly by reports, and let those reports be made public without delay. Let it also be known what State is next on the list from which a clerk is to be furnished, and let the law be so changed that not three names but one be sent in when application for a clerk is made, so that no favoritism can possibly be shown. If we have examinations let them be no farce, and let no devious system allow either the letter or the spirit of the law to be violated.

Do not the new Commissioners agree with this view? The public has a right to know just how the Civil Service law works.

THEIR WILL assemble in this, the Convention City, to-morrow, the National Capital of the Order of Sons of America, an order which has done some good work. No order can do otherwise, if wisely and liberally constructed, the objects of which are the inculcation of pure American principles and reverence for American institutions; the cultivation of fraternal affection among American freemen; the opposition to foreign interference with State interests in the United States of America; and to any form of organized disregard of American laws and customs; the preservation of the Constitution of the United States; and the advancement of free public schools.

OUR USUALLY brightly aggressive contemporary, the *Capital*, says of the verdict rendered by the Lydell court-martial that "whatever may be thought of its punishment, the court had entire discretion in the matter. It was impossible to recover the money wasted through his alleged neglect, and with an officer of high principles and aspirations the reproach implied by simple conviction must be in itself a severe punishment." It was just the fact that the court had entire discretion in the matter which made its verdict final.

THE PLUNKETT-WORTHINGTON love affair in New York has illustrated again how exceedingly broad on all subjects are the views of those who are exponents of Christian science or spiritualism or any other eccentric thing of the sort. There are many honest men and women who are making a study of the beliefs mentioned, and there are many mediums and teachers of Christian science who are not fit associates for them.

THE NEW OWNERS of the *Sunday Herald*, J. H. Soule and A. T. Hensley, have evidently resolved to spare no effort in making it worth reading. Yesterday's edition, a twelve-page issue, was admirably printed and attractive, lacking neither in news nor general interest. Such a newspaper, with the long record of the *Herald* as an added element of strength, should certainly flourish.

YESTERDAY morning a sensational and unreliable Chicago newspaper published another "confession" in the Cronin case from the man Woodruff. In the afternoon he explained that he made it because he was promised the paper's "influence." Woodruff is evidently about as familiar with relative newspaper standing as he is with the truth.

THE CYCLOPS which the weather prophet DeVoe predicted for Washington Saturday did not appear and people got along very well without it. Professor DeVoe, who is a dealer in shams in a New Jersey town, is not much of a prophet but is said to keep very good shams.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is drunk again. If

BALLADE OF THE OUTCASTS

The Voice of the Men.

We are the vagabonds and deep

In ditches by the midnight ways

Where wolves beneath the gibbets leap:

Our hands against black fate we raise

In lifelong turmoil of affairs,

Until we die, in some dark den.

The death of dogs that hunger slays:

For we are hated of all men.

The Voice of the Women.

We are the Courtesans that creep

Beyond the town's lamp-lit haze,

We watch the dawn with sinful gaze,

And dreaming of the golden days

When Jesus hallowed Magdalen,

We seek death in the river's maze:

For we are hated of all men.

The Voice of the Children.

We are the Innocents that weep,

While our bones rot with foul decay,

For all the woes that we must reap:

Remember, when the angels lay,

No father or our slumber pray,

But for us far from den to den

To fish the death-bread of the strays:

For we are hated by all men.

The Enemy of the Outcasts.

Beware, O Kings whom Mammon sways,

Least norred flags of battle blaze!

For we are hated by all men.

Sensibly Put.

Nature has forever set up the bar

of maternity against woman's equal participation

in governmental affairs, and since men must assume the burdens of physical

protection and of toil in the field, the workshop, and the mine, to men should belong

the greater degree of dictatorship. If men must decide questions of national expediency,

the solution of women's wrongs and the obtaining of their rights lies within herself.

Nature, who creates nothing, however weak, without protective weapons, has endowed woman with the grace to win, through grace, all she cannot achieve by force.

An Awful Change.

(New York Tribune.)

"Brick" writes to one of the Philadelphia newspapers inquiring: "What is the highest hand at poker?" And the editor without

hesitating a moment answers: "The highest hand is the straight flush in the high hand. It is only too painfully evident that things have mightily changed in that city since the days when William Penn was its controlling spirit."

The Chicago View of Bill.

(Chicago News.)

Governor Hill knows his business. He understands what he is doing. He has learned the office-holding trade and is now a master workman. Even if Maroney and McDonald had the blood of Dr. Cronin on their hands Dave Hill wouldn't let them come back. He knows where his votes come from; he knows what stripe of votes comes from where; he knows in the intervals of violating the neutrality laws.

Who Was It?

(Chicago Herald.)

Scientists have discovered that intoxication by radiation is possible. That is, a man may become intoxicated by contact with another who is under the influence without partaking of a drop himself. Now the great question is: Who sat next to Senator Riddleberger in the Senate Chamber?

Sympathetic Inquiry.

(Texas Siftings.)

Amelia sends us some "Lines on an Empty Cup" addressed to Willie. Has Willie broken jail?

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A very nice, middle-aged Georgetown widow lady is surprised, surprised and grieved over something that happened Saturday night. This lady, who is a little short-sighted and as good-hearted as a soul as ever lived, has a graceless nephew some 32 years old whose falling is a strong drink. He is an orphan and lives with his aunt, and sometimes, as often as four or five times a year perhaps, he becomes intoxicated. On such occasions his aunt looks after him with as much solicitude as a mother would, but his only recompense being his otherwise universal cleverness and the patience with which he listens to his aunt's lectures. Well, Saturday a young man whose name let us say is Blank, who never heard of the nephew, and who lives in East Washington, became intoxicated to a shocking degree. A friend of Blank's is a reporter on a Sunday paper, and Saturday night they were together. The reporter was given an assignment over in Georgetown, and Blank went with him. It was about eleven o'clock and all the reporter had to do was to ascertain whether a certain Georgetown was in "P" or not. Blank was in too bad a condition to be seen so the reporter left him in front of a house two or three doors down the street and told him not to move while he made the inquiries at the Georgetown's house in pursuance of his assignment. When he got back he found the nephew only to find the steps of the house he was left in front of and gone to sleep, and that this angle-souled aunt, who lived in this house, had mistaken Blank for her nephew and was trying to get him into the house. The reporter rescued his friend with celerity and insisted that he should thereafter either go home or wear a tag.

"Wait! Wait! An wait!"

"But the wait! that he longed for newswoman," sang another member.

It was all on account of the liveries that a half dozen or so of the Metropolitan Club waiters struck, and Saturday evening the service was so badly hampered by its usual standard of dispatch and general excellence. The trouble has been brewing for some time. The house committee state that Headquarters are not doing their duty. The waiters say that they struck because \$14 was taken from each semi-monthly payment of salary \$8 a month, because they did not like their uniforms, and because sixty cents a month was deducted from their salaries for breakfast when they broke anything or not. Ex-Headwaiter Croghan says that when they protested against these things they were told that owing to the late bankruptcy of the Metropolitan Club, the waiters and the state of financial affairs, nothing could be done.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

[Communications on any matter of current interest will be cheerfully printed in this column, if they are of a nature to be of service to the public, and if they are as brief as possible.]

A Nuisance.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—Editor *Critic*: Knowing the fact that your valuable space is always open for the benefit of the public, I feel compelled to say that 615 Sixth street, northwest—a nuisance that should be abated. I have no doubt the same occurrences happen daily, but I am not at home to see it. Now for the growing of the trouble. There is a pump of excellent water three doors from my house and the neighbors come from quite a distance for its sparkling, pure water.

The neighbors send their small children to the pump for water, and yesterday I noticed on several occasions that a crowd of large boys hung around the pump and on all day long and kept the smaller children away. I noticed, on two occasions that ladies had to wait their motions or leave without any water, much less the little ones.

W. G.

DIVORCES IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

In Australia divorces have never been sanctioned.

Divorces are scarcely ever known to occur in modern Greece.

In Hindostan either party for a slight cause may leave the other and the law is in the oldest times the law of a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.

Divorces are scarcely allowed in Tibet, unless with the consent of both parties. The marriage is for life.

In Cochin, China, the parties desiring divorce break a pair of chopsticks in the presence of witnesses and the thing is done.

Two kinds of divorces are granted in Circassia. By the first the parties can immediately marry again; by the second not for a year.

Among some tribes of American Indians the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce.

If the wife of a Turkoman asks his permission to go out and he says "Go," without adding "Come back again," they are divorced.

In Siberia, if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face and immediately divorces her.

In Siam the first wife may be divorced, but not sold as the others may be. She may claim the first child. The others belong to the husband.

Among the Moslems, if the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe and can marry again.

In the Arctic region a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and the wife follows him. When he returns the wife takes the hint and departs.

In China divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temperaments or much loquacity on the part of the wife.

What We May Eat.

We may eat potatoes and salt and—

We may eat fish and become—"cranks."

We may eat bread and butter without limit and—die of dyspepsia.

We may eat meat only and become gross and coarse and without pride.

We may eat fruit and content ourselves with the assurance that "in Adam all die."

We may eat anything and everything miscellaneous and end carelessly received and make of our stomachs a bric-a-brac repository and a physical junk-shop.

But it is well to do this!—Good Housekeeping.

A VERY SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

They raised a statue monument.

The mason to the mason.

Said: "There is work to be done!"

He built a statue pile; and delve.

You're right to put good face on your face, but who'd a mason be?

The mason laughed as he replied:

"It's not a serious matter."

But you're no mason for your pride!

There's a mason to you, chaffer.

The difference between our work

is what I hardly think you

you mason's mason, a mason, and, as for us, we sink you!"

—The Black Diamond.

MATTER WORTH READING.

The *Advertiser* says that when William M. Thackeray visited this country Henry Waterson was presented to him, and "they saw much of each other." That evening, in a discussion of music and of the relative merits of violin masterpieces, Waterson struck the keys of the piano and delighted Thackeray so that he got the young Kentuckian to play all night.

Commenting upon this entertaining story, the *New York Sun* says that Thackeray was in this country in 1832 and again in 1835, at which time Waterson was aged twelve and fifteen years respectively. Therefore the *Sun* doubts whether at this early age Waterson's playing was developed sufficiently to entertain through a whole night such an old stager and critic as Thackeray was.

The *Sun's* doubt arises apparently from ignorance of the Kentucky proposition that players are born, not made. Waterson was born a player, although constant practice has given him a beautiful facility and a mastery of the instrument, still the genius which his art now evinces was nobly apparent in his youthful work.

This genius is not of the Vognerian school. It recognizes no system of motives and it has no cut-and-dried methods. It takes any theme, from the pretentious three acts down to the meekest and lowliest pair, and, by ingenuity, it amplifies and elaborates that theme through brilliant variations to an imposing finale.—[Chicago News.

English Tips.

The complaint of the traveler against the English system of "tips" is as every year more bitter. It has become impossible for persons of moderate means to visit at large establishments, no matter upon what footing they stand with the owners, because it costs so much to be served.

"I came away from England without going to see my sister," a gentleman said recently, "because I will not submit to the tipping. Her husband is a doctor, and he is paying for his make all the servants think she had shabby relatives for me to go there and not do the conventional thing, and that I will not submit to. When they were here last week they stayed with me three weeks and when they were going away he wanted to see the servants and I told him that that was an insult to me. I said that it was an insult to me if I could not or would not have him properly served while he was paying for it; and that in America it was a point of honor with us to see that our hospitalities were not paid for by the guest. I don't think he liked the way I put it, but he did not say anything of anything to me."—[Boston Courier.

Some Coming Wonders.

If half of what the inventors of the photograph claim for it comes true, the children of the near future are going to have some wonderful toys. Inventors are now working on the idea of a toy which will be a combination of a nursery wonder, in all of which the new mechanism is to be the main feature. The photographic doll will talk, laugh, cry and sing like a human being. Noah's ark will contain a drove of animals, a lion, a tiger, a bear, a barking, meowing, hissing, cackling creature that will rival a menagerie. The song-notes of the fine singing birds have been preserved on the metal plates and combined, so that one may have a paper mache canary which will sing with many times the volume, and at many times the length of any real bird. A good model of a child, with the promise of a photographic cradle, at the head of which the wonderful mechanism is placed that will sing sweet lullabies by the hour to the child, and when the child is tired put him to sleep at the same time.—[N. Y. Tribune.

He Met the Night Man.

The other day an important-looking gentleman took a seat beside a quiet man in a hack on the way to the city.

"I'm going up to Little Rock," he said, "to get a pardon for a convicted thief. I'm not personally acquainted with the governor, but he can't afford to refuse me."

"Is the fellow guilty?" asked the man.

"Of course he is; but that makes no difference. The friends have agreed to give me \$5,000 if I get him out, and the thermometer is very low when I can't put up a good talk. Where are you traveling?"

"I'm going to Little Rock."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might be of some service to me. What business are you in?"

"I'm the Governor."

"He wasn't of the least service to him."—[Philadelphia Ledger.

The Difference.

"Ow did it work?" said one small boy on the street to the other.

"Ow did you do it?" asked the other.

"See! The old man he dropped a dime, and I picked it up and runned after him, and I says: 'Mister, here's a dime as you dropped,' and he puts 'a hand in his pocket and he says, 'You're a little boy; here's a quarter for you.'"

"Wal, I dropped the dime right in front of the old woman, when she had 'er purse open, and I picked it up when she was looking for it, and she says: 'Here, Miss, is a dime you dropped.'"

"Well!"

"Wal, she takes it and says: 'Thank you, my boy, and put it in her pocket, and I'm ten cents out.'—[San Francisco Chronicle.

A Monkey's Suicide.

A correspondent writing to a Paris contemporary from Montirichard, in the department of Lot-et-Cher, says: "A learned monkey named Bertin was deeply attached to its owner, who, among other tricks, had taught it to fire a pistol while galloping on the back of a dog. The master of the animal, it seems, met with certain domestic troubles, and in a dejected frame of mind a few days ago, he sent a bullet through his head, death being instantaneous. The monkey was present at the execution, and he probably took in every particular. In any case, when a doctor was called in to see if life was extinct in the man, he was astonished to find himself in presence of a double suicide, the monkey having shot himself beside the head of his master, with the revolver clasped between its fingers. It is stated that the animal picked up the pistol after his master had blown out his brains, and imitated what he saw the doctor do, sending a bullet through his head precisely as the man had done."

Their Birthmarks.

Says the *Hartwell (Ga.) Sun*: Last week the *Sun* gave to the world the fact that Arch. Glimer (colored) had a birthmark on his arm in the shape of a "possum's claw." We thought that this best the world, but we have another case in town that equals it. This birthmark is located on the thigh of one of the most highly respected citizens of Hartwell. It is a distinct and well defined rooster.

We do not know what variety it is, whether Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte or Leghorn, but suppose it is the latter, from where it comes.

NOTES ABOUT OLD FOLKS.

Mrs. Vickers of Atlanta, Ga., is dead at the age of 91 years.

Mrs. Isabella Holborn died a few days ago at Louisville, Ky., aged 89 years.

Mrs. Hattie Moore, one of the oldest citizens of Delevan, Wis., died recently, aged 88 years.

John Searle, aged 80, of Gardner, Mass., was found drowned in a little pool of water recently. It is thought he may have fallen in a fit.

Sir Harry Verney, ex-M. P., has celebrated his 87th birthday and got rid of a severe attack of pneumonia, and now goes horseback riding daily.

There appeared last week in the obituary column of the Philadelphia *Ledger* notices of the deaths of twenty-four persons, ten men and fourteen women, and lived to or beyond the age of 80 years.

Ex Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin is now 80 years of age. He is as lively as the majority of men at 50. He has worn flannels not an overcoat, holding such articles of dress to be superfluous and unnecessary to a person in good health.

There died in Chester, a few miles from Fernandina, Fla., several days since, the oldest person probably in the United States. He claimed to remember perfectly incidents of the revolution, and was brought from Africa seven years before that period, and was at that time nearly 20. The nearest estimate of his age is 130 years.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican: Dr. E. A. Stebbins and family returned Thursday from attending the golden wedding celebration of his wife's parents in Holyoke, Mass. Friday they will go to Brookline, Vt., to attend the 91st birthday of his mother. She has eight children living; the oldest is only sixteen years younger than herself, and her baby is about 30.